"IN THE DARK AND TROUBLED NIGHT THAT IS UPON US, THERE IS NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON TO GIVE US A GLEAM OF LIGHT, EXCEPTING THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."-WEBSTER.

JOSEPH H. BARRETT, EDITOR. TERMS OF VOLUME XIII.

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SHORT NOTICE.

LEGENDS OF FLOWERS. The following lines by the late Lucy Hooper, refer-me of the fameful ideas attached to the opening flower, the Romish Church such events were carefully note one, and every flower biassoning on a Saint's day wa

Were linked with opening flowers, As if in their fairy urns of gold Best human hearts like ours; The nurs in their cloister, and and pale As they watched soft buds expand, On their glowing petals traced a tale
Or legend of holy land. beightly to them did thy snowy leaves

For the sainted Mary shine, As they twined for her forehead vestal wrenths Of the white buds, Cardamine ! The Crocus shone, when the fields were bare,

With a gay rejoicing smile; But the hearts that answered Love's tender pray Grew brightenes with joy the while.
Of the coming spring and the summer's light,
To others that flower might say. But the lover welcomed the herald bright Of the glad St. Valentine's day, The Crocus was hailed as a happy flower, And the holy saint that day I cared out on the Earth their golden shower To light his votaries way

(in the day of St. George, the brave St. George

To merry England dear, Ev tield and by tell, and by mountain gorge, Shone Hyacinths blue and clear, Lovely and prized was their purple light, And twas said in ancient story, That their fairy bells rung out at night A peal to old England's glory; And sogus read in the azure bue Of the flowers so widely known, That by white sail spread over Ocean's blue, Should the Empire's right be shown.

St John, thou "shining light," It ams not a burning torch for thee, searlet Lychmis bright ! While holy Mary, at thy shrine, Another pure flower blooms, cleans to thee with news divine,

The Lity's faint performes; Proudly its stately head it rears, Arrayed in virgin white, So truth, smid a world of tears, Dorb slime with vestal light.

And thou, whose opening bads were shown, We buil thee, Passion flower, alone Sacred to Christ, who died. No image of a mortal love, May thy bright blossoms be Linked with a passion far above-A Savior's agony. All other flowers are pale and dim, All other gifts are loss: twine thy matchless buds for him

*The Lily blooms about Annunciation day.

Who died on holy Cross.

gustus Snodgrass Pretty-man Pinkrose, to tell her how miserable I was on her account. write a bewitching piece in her albumthe peem originally appeared-

And now the merry plough boy Whistles his merry song, And on the gale o'er hill and dale, "Tis echoed loud and long-The farmer's flocks are moving free. And on the budding shrubbery His spouse's cowes browses. And the little niggres run about Divested of their trowsers.

Lowell.-A quarter of a century ago, Lowell was not known. It was then almost uninhabited. Now it contains 35, 000 inhabitants, 47 cotton and woolen mills, 11 1-2 millions of incorporated ment is the order of the day .- Lowell and the speaker were both most levely.

REVERENCE FOR RELIGION .- Impress your mind with a reverence for all that is sacredet no wantonness of youthful spirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane sallies.
Besides the guilt thereby incurred, nothing
He had returned in fine spirits, had received gives a more odious appearance of petulance to youth, than the reflection of treating relign with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers irst smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind reine that when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to be more formal and solyears, or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and kindness. It is social, kind, cheerful-far removed from the gloom and illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper. dejects the spirit, and tenches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, think he is in love.

MISCELLANY.

MR. BROWN'S UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

"The unwritten history of the world! how Individuals and Companies who take at the office, \$1,50, or \$1.75 if not paid within the year.

Those who take of Postriders, \$2,00 art, and whatever Ernestine said, I, her humfar it would transcend your Gibbons and your

My good friend Ernest Stuart and myself, had met at the University of Berlin, several years before the date of this remark, and had FOR PAID. formed a friendship more from sympathy of tongue than aught else, and as years rolled on, ton, is authorized to transact business for this paper.

One to the paper of the pa

She had, however, plaited her tresses too long in a university town, not to know how to play us off against each other, until we were both quite certain of her favor, when in a moment of enthusiasm, we revealed how matters quite favorably after this. stood each to the other, and in that period of discomfiture and disgust, vowed mentally, that flirtations should henceforth be a sealed book

On returning to Fatherland, with heads very much stuffed with a vast deal of fiction and some truth, and mustachios which had reached the highest possible cultivation, we parted; Stuart went immediately to his home, on the Connecticut, and I remained in town to organize the future.

I had no near kindred, and I had a small stipend, two things sufficient to ruin me, for hey convinced me that I need do nothing but 'intensify' the knowledge I already possessed. I remained long enough in town to find myself (and mustachies) quite the thing—and should have remained of that same mind had I not met Miss Ernestine Stuart, who compel-

led me to a different way of thinking.

The arrival of the summer brought me an nvitation to the home of the Stuarts, a beautiful place on the Connecticut. I found my friend's father rather a pragmatical Scotch-man, who insinusted that his aristocratic cognomen entitled him to a collateral relationthip with the unfortunate royal Mary of that ilk, while his enemies, (or neighbors, the same thing,) whispered that the name was originaly Steward .- The mother was of German birth, is carried onand from her, the daughter and son had received their names, and the latter had been dispatched to Berlin instead of Edinboro.

I had but to see Ernestine, to drive frauens, demoiselles and donnas entirely out of my head. Stuart had spoken of his sister as cothers always do. She was lovely and dear o him, and her letters, he said were very playful and witty; but the beauty, the grace, the majesty of that girl!

Reader, you have been in love? of course you have; then, have you not looked upon what you heard of the beloved, before knowing her, and been enraged, that the de-scriptions were so meagre, the describers so

I had been so taken aback with those large dark eyes looking out upon me, with the small classic head wreathed with its luxuriant fair tresses, with the elegance and grace of thissister of my friend, that I very awkwardly forgot 'my manners,' and gave as blundering an hed eyes as you would see at a country 'train-

I could not stop to reflect, must beauty ever be a surprise to beauty? Can this man have grown up with this exquisite ereature, and not

now she was transcendent?'
Meanwhile the fair object of my speculations was eyeing me with a mingled expression of surprise, disappointment and amaze ment. I endeavored to rally, for I knew she had heard of me from Ernest, and was prepared for a pleasant visitor, and if ever man exerted himself to fulfil an expectation, I did Affecting .- A sweet young lady, Miss this; but Ernestine's mouth never quite came Araminta Belinda Howitzer Sereptina out of the curl which she brought it into on my Maria Jane, requested Mr. Charles Au- first appearance, especially if I attempted to

If I could perceive a softening toward me, it was when I spoke of her brother. He was he complied, plaintively sketching her the idol of her heart, and during their four slad's plantation. We don't know where years' separation, she had sought to grow wors friendship and sympathy when he should come home. She was finely taught and well read, though like most women, her reading had been desultory; but the fire of genius beamed through all she said. Her's was a healthy and beautiful organization, one, which any sort of training would but im-

'Do you not think, Mr .-such a way of speaking my name;) 'that Ernest is looking sad and gloomy? When he first came home he was buoyant and cheerful. so exactly what I had hoped! but since his return he is absent and distrait. What can be the reason—you know him so well—can you think?"

I stopped to look at the speaker, the scene and to frame a reply. We were on the broad capital, 269,000 spindles and 8000 looms. the sun had just dipped behind the round piazza on the western side of the house, and There are from 10 to 15,000 girls em- backed hills. The river, blue and beautiployed in the mills. On every side new ful, rolled before us, at the lost of a terrace, a buildings are being erected, and improve- down which, grew fine old trees. The scene

> Ernestine were a blue wreath of natura flowers, which heightened intensely the superb coloring of her face, and the momentary anxiety lent her expression a shade of softness it did not often wear, but which was of, the spoken to! Farewell! God bless most becoming.

the most satisfactory testimonials every where, had plenty of money, prospects flat-tering-why, then did he look grave, sigh frequently, seem to have a distaste for so-

waiting most rudely before I answered.

I have noticed an absent air, my dearlady, ory. Once in Berlin there was a certain young lady, attracted your brother's attention, (this was the one who played the adroit deception of making us both believe ourselves favored, and I took a malicious

she would accept him-but then it may not be her after all ! She stopped quite flusted with having

thus outrun probability. Perhaps he may love hopelessly, suggested 1, but here I made a most unfortunate mistake! The idea of Ernest, the handsome. the brilliant Ernest, loving hopelessly! and

'to the Manor born' likewise! The young lady could not entertain the i-dea. - She wished there were less prospects of other people loving hopelessly.' I wished so myself. I endeavored to retrieve my reputation and lost ground, by speaking of Ernest's beauty, of his fine head and white brow, round which the curls lay Apollo like; of the fine stag-like turn of his neck, so seldom seen in German land, where the favorite attitude seems to be,

'Head bent, hands clasped behind, As if to balance the prone brow Oppressive with the mind,'

the score of love matters; we once fell in love simultaneously with a 'fraulieu,' fair, fat, and particularly blue-eyed.

and I reinstated myself in my (as yet) subor dinate place in the lady's good graces, by telling her how I had been superseded on all points by him; that he had not been content few days. He considered a few moments quite favorably after this.

In a conversation with Ernest, one very doll, stapid morning, when Ergestine had a hradache and would not be seen, I inquired into his state of mind; after a short prelude on the benefits of confidence in one's friends, I was (to myself) singularly impressive and eloquent, but Ernest seemed a little cool un-

der it for he only answered-'Pshaw! If one has grievances let him keep them to himself, girls and babies may tell their ills and discomfitures, but mankind had better keep them quiet, for one's so called friends are npt to drop off when one grows querulous. He looked quite disturbsome minutes, and then smilingly spoke of Ernestine, 'She has improved won derfully,' said he:

The fountain may not fail the less Whose sands are golden ore, And a sister for her loveliness May not be loved the more; But as the fount's full heart beneath Those golden sparkles shine My sister's beauty seems to breathe Its brightness over mine!'

'Over your beauty, or your heart? noble omrade? 'Over my heart, obtuse youth. Do you not observe how beautifully the comparison

'But as the fount's full heart beneath.' 'Excellently said, Sir Ernest; what you do not carry by argument you will by arms; you had better settle in some of our new posessions, but wherever you are, there will

you be invaluable."

And we parted. Having lived a life of most delicious laziess at the house which Ernestine blessed with her presence, for quite as long a time as seemed to me proper, I announced my intenion of leaving, one morning, after breakfast, a time says Mrs. Norton, universally agreed upon for making disagreeable communica-tions. I received all kind assurances that this would be very disagreeable, but the mirror of my fate was Ernestine's face, into which I looked for some symptom of interest. She was busy straining the dregs of ask me to walk in the garden with her.

I did not refuse. to Ernest?' said she, as her white dress flitted before me down a narrow walk.

Not at all; he rejects all attempts at probing .- Have you tried him?' O! yes, unsuccessfully, Mamma says he is dyspeptic and needs arrow root. Papa sayshe's in debt; and you say he's in love. Which, which, shall I believe?"

Believe me! said I, and believe me when

say, Beautiful Ernestine!---Of course I believe every one who says beautiful Ernestine, therefore consider yourself believed, and now Mr-, farewell. If you would prosper in life, start when the sun especially for a pedestrian s not yet high, tour. Remember your promise to send me some views of our beautiful river, and remember you are welcome here as the friend of father and mother, Ernest and Ernestine. Thus she silenced me, thus she left me, and ran into the house and there I stood with a bright morning sun, full in my face, for I

I had learned abroad to admire American scenery, and I had determined to follow the Connecticut as I had the Rhine, and corich my sketch book as I went along: so in fornerance of this plan I now went in to bid Mrs. Stuart good bye, make my bow to the old gentlemen, and say a parting word to Ernest. The latter walked a short distance with me.

'Now, my good fellow,' said I, 'you are in ove and don't choose to tell of it. I am in the same situation and intend to make it known. I acknowledge myself entirely capivated by Ernestine, and if she would have allowed it should have told her so, . Now is she interested elsewhere that you know, is she prejudiced against me, that you know-

speak or I die !" Ernest tapped his boot wit his walking stick. 'As for the first proposition it is a very insane one. As for your second, I can but ad-mire your taste.—Ernestine is a magnificent creature, she is not in love, unless with you. She is not easily won, but you can win her -of course my influence is in your fayor.

'Spoken worthy of the speaker, the spoken

And we parted once more. I had walked over hill and dale for several temp's at Ernestine. At last I threw around her years, but an indefinable sadness o'erspread one, some little shadow of herself as I remembered her. That leaf was carefully

I was one day sauntering along, rather fatigued, and thinking I would stop several days in the neighborhood, if I could find a amlet where I could be entertained, when the rumbling of a carriage of some sort reach- ter any good I would throw that in, an ared my cars.

I was on a lonely road and had seen no 'race of habitation, therefore I was a little surprised—so suddenly had this vehicle come in on the road I was then on, that I had hardly time to turn, when the rider spoke to me.

think he is in love.'

It is a the not ashamed, but avoid making any unline seems to interrupted enjoyment of sorrow." Much good
an aristocratic marriage is what he desires.

The constant of the many a boarding school Miss seems to interrupted enjoyment of sorrow." Much good
an aristocratic marriage is what he desires.

The constant of the many a boarding school Miss seems to interrupted enjoyment of sorrow." Much good
and she is just the choice! I have no doubt looked at the speaker.

terize him-cunning looked from his cold. keen, grey eye, toil seemed to have harden-ed his heart as well as his hands, yet a kind of shrewdness made the man rather agreeable; I accepted his proposal and mounted

He asked me my age, my parentage, my circumstances, my residence, my intentions, my prejudices, my opinion of the President, the cost of my coat, my pantaloons, my boots. and my hat, and what my past life had been, what my future would be, if I had ever kept school, and if I belonged to the church, and where I went to meetin when I was at hum,

all within the first mile. The second mile he was struck with a new idea. I had deemed it my privilege to mystily the questioner somewhat, and all he had found out was that I was Mr. Brown, and that I was engaged in no particular business. That I paid very extravagant prices for my boots and hat, and that I should like very well to stop in the neighborhood a -and said,

'You know Belcherville is nigh, don't ye?' I professed my ignorance of this ge-ographical fact.—'Well its tu mile from here, we are a comin to it; I live tu mile beyond that. My name is Moses Goings, though you haint had the civility to ask it! Ef you'll inquire at town meetin next March, you'll find I had been run for selectman several times and got considerable votes, but that skinning miser of a Jew Grimes, got the most : now you aint a kind of a doctor chap I expect?

Medicine, reader, is not my calling-it nev. er was,in fect, but when any body tells me I am not a thing, I always feel disposed to contradict them, and I must confess to a little curiosity as to Mr. Going's future movements; so I answered ambiguously, 'what makes you think I am not?'

Well I knowed you was, by your look and that big bock you was a luggin round-1 spose you take that to put yarbs into, don't ye? But I was a goin to say that one of my gals was allin, and if you was a mind to come and doctor her I'd make it nesy about

your board.' Merciful Heaven! thought I, here is indeed an adventure. Is this man a fool or crazy entrusting the care of his daughter's health

'Is your daughter seriously ill?' I inquired 'If so you have doubtless had medical advice before this.'

'No.1 haint neither,' answered he, with with some *sperity. 'you dont catch me a payin my money to that ere Dr. Bigelow as lives in Belcherville, and she aint very sick neither, only kinder low spirited and thelike, and I thought if you was a mind to let it go towards board, you might give her some advice.

I saw through it; quack medicines are the great weakness of New England, and this man, with all his shrewdness, was one of many who are victims to this system of imposition. The funcied saving, too, was an appeal to this man, and all things considered concluded to accept of his invitation and at least see the patient before I declined.

'But I am no regular physician.' said 1, and if I find the young fady seriously indis-

ry of himself and family-he had balt a dozen poor man's blessings, he said, and the sick one was the eldest, she had been off keeping school, and had come home "scarce able to braid a palm leaf hat" he said; ber name was Mary, and she was eighteen years old.—I be-came quite anxious to see my patient. We reached the substantial red house of

Mr. Goings at "supper" time, i. e. six P. M., and I was introduced as "Dr. Brown, who would like to stay a few days," to Mrs. Goings, who bore the impress of many scorching wood fires on her otherwise good-natured and well formed face. She was a better looking person than her husband, and evidently a splendid bouse wife, for the floor and table shone like mirrors, and the children about the door repiced in clean faces. I looked around for the

sick one but did not see her. Mrs. Goings showed me into a bed-room beautifully clean, and the ten commandments printed on the counterpane, so had I been forgetful of those important words, here they were greet mine eyes the first thing in the morn-

I refreshed myself with cold water and came out to supper, which was substantial and excellent. I did such justice to the preparations, that Mrs. Goings took me into a great favor.— I inquired for the invalid and learned she had gone to see a sick friend. Then she is not very had, herself, I thought.

Next morning I awoke quite early and look-ed out of my window; it was a sort of wing in which I was, and looking across to the main body I saw a young lady, (probably my pa-tient) sitting with her back to the window brushing the hair of a little urchin, whom I remembered to have seen the evening before.— I could only see her hair and her white dress, the hair was dark and beautiful, the dress betokened greater refinement than I had antica pated, but thought I, when she turns, I shall pated, but thought I, when she turns, I shall implicitly everything I told him, even though bee some mark of her coarse featured father he found out that the name of Brown was fabupon her-I stood and watched her some time while she washed two or three urchins, and at

her years, but an indefinable sadvess o'erspread of the "bone and sinew men of our country

to account for this apparition. garden, where I found Mr. Goings among the the contrast!" turnips. I told him I preferred to pay my board as I did not feel sufficient confidence to board as I did not feel sufficient confidence to needed not to be so broad; but your vain peo-

At breakfast Miss Mary met me with the case and self-possession of a countess; she formed a strange contrast with the rest—yet all seemed to feel her presence.

Her mother had evidently had the ambition, that Ernestine had become Mr.—, neither did I tell you my last name. Well, I will not trouble you with it so late in the day.

He was one of those men whom political strong armed mother, in the "heavy" work, as orators address as the bone and sinner of the country.'—Hard bone and sinew did character. The beautifully small and delicate, but she moved quietly about and was a help and pleasure ev

erywhere.

After breaktast I followed her into the "best room" where she was dusting-I saw some books on a table, I took one up, it was a volume of the American poets, marked with great taste at various passages. "So you read poetry, do you?" said L

"Yes, among other things," was the answer. "What have we here, a manuscript copy of

Mary blushed. "Yes," said my fair patient, that was copied for a friend but never given To cut the matter short, reader, I found Ma ry to be very lovely in mind and soul. There was an innate delicacy about her which made all beauty akin; she was that most lovely of all characters, the sweet tempered.

I found her sick from over-work, brain-She had studied more in her short life than many a woman does in a long life. She was a fine scholar in the modern languages—and I found she had a taste for art which needed only a little patient cultivation to make her an

But behind all this overtasked brain was leeper grief, there was a hidden canker which I could not reach. We read, and walked, and talked together, and she seemed most grateful for my "kind attentions," as she was pleased to call them, though I was meanwhile enjoying the society of one of the the most gifted be

felt that I had a purer critic than any who had stitutions, but as belonging to the party of Progress. He believes in the doctrine of American Green with pleasure, and after going through the landscapes, she turned to the showed her my sketch book, with many apolthrough the landscapes, she turned to the page in which I had inscribbled verses to Ernestine and had sought to portray her face.- I stayed her hand, "nay, gentle Mary, that is sacred to love and memory, do not open there," but she seeing that I did not object very strenuously, insisted. I took the book and opened at the best picture of Ernestine. "There, Mary," said I, "is the woman nearest like you in soul,

that I have ever known."

What a cry she gave! her pale lips turned a more deathly hue, and she seemed to me to die, but thank God! it was not death, it was out a seeming death; and now reader, what it took me a great while to ascertain, you shall

have in a few moments.

My friend Ernest, in his travels after returning home, had encountered Mary performing her duties as schoolmistress. He had met her in this little village as the superior person, for so she was, and her beauty and superiority had won him. She had never seen his equal, he seemed to have dropped out of the clouds, her wildest dream had never pictured him, and that he should love her and ask her to be his own, was it strange that her young heart was

deeply touched?

Ernest went to see her once at her home, and though she had endeavored to prepare him for it, the vulgarity of old Goings had nearly driven him to despair. He thought of his well appointed home, of his sensitive father,

On returning to his home, his father had urged his proposing for Miss Ellen Fay, as an eligible young lady—" for you know sir, I expect you to marry well," was an aphorism of the old gentleman.

Borne down with these reflections, Ernes wrote to Mary, that events had taken place which must separate them for a time. That he loved her as of yore, but he could not see er again-he dared not say when. Poor Mary ! she divined the whole !

knew but too well the struggle which had gone on in his mind, and she determined that he she wrote him instanter, that he was released from any engagement to her, and that she gave bim up from that time henceforth. Ernest had not dreamed of such a deter-

mination. He had firmly boned to marry her some time, but he could not say when, and it had been a severe blow to him; but to Mary it had struck to the very centre of her ing. She had no confidant, no friend, and the picture of Ernestine was the first thing which and brought him back.

It was taken without drapery, and as I looked at it again I saw how much it looked like Ernest, the name too was scribbled over the sicture-she only noticed the "Ernest," when er poor little heart gave way. She told me something next day which sent letter off to Mr. E. Stuart very rapidly, and

he came even to the red frame house, and conidering that we had both had the same education, he made much the best Physician.

To reconcile Mr. Stuart to Mr. Goings was
the most delicate operation I ever undertook.

The idea of having" Mary Stuart" for a daughter-in-law, was quite agreeable, and Mary needed but to be seen to be loved. Mr. Stuart fortunately loved attention and respecmore than most men, and Mr. Goings believed

She was very pale, but very beautiful. I had seen very few faces so purely Madonna Webster and Calhoun, his great, great men. like. She bore a family likeness to the Goings So when they met, Mr. Goings bowed respect-fribe, but she had the refinement and lovelifully to every word Mr. Stuart uttered, ness of early womanhood in perfection. Her and eyed him reverentially. Mr. Stuart eyes were of the dark blue which is black in said to me afterwards, "Ernest has chodays, had sketched some but dreamed more. the distance. Her figure was slight and seemMy sketch book was every where pencilled
with a female face, sadly unsuccessful atface indicated intellect and refinement beyond
face indicated intellect and refinement beyond

"Yes sir," returned I, "and how pleasant to feel that Ernest will turn to his own father I went into the enclosure denominated a with such exalted respect and admiration from

rangement which met his entire approba-

Some men might have thought the contras

gins thus:-"There is a luxury in the unin-

SPEECH OF MR. WEBSTER. AT MARSHFIELD.

[CONCLUDED.] I have said, gentlemen, that in my opinion if it were desirable to place Mr. Van Buren at the head of Government, there is no chance for him. Others are as good judges as I am. But I am not able to say that I see any State in the Union of which there is a reasonable probability that he will get the vote. There may be. Others are more versed in such statistics than I am. But I see not, and therefore I think that the issue is reduced exactly between Gen. Cass and Gen. Taylor.

You may remember, that in the discussions of 1844, when Mr. Birney was drawing off votes from Mr. Clay, I said that every vote for Mr. Birney was half a vote for Mr. Polk. Is t not true that the Liberty vote abstracted from Mr. Clay's vote in the State of New York made Mr. Polk President? That is as clear as any historical fact. And in my judgment. it will be so now. I consider every Whig vote given to Mr. Van Buren, directly aiding the election of Mr. Cass. Mark, I say, Whig vote. Now there may be States in which Van Buren may draw from the other side largely.

Now as to Gen. Cass, gentlemen. We need not go to the Baltimore platform to instruct quisition, by conquest, of any portion of her ourselves into what his polities are, or how he will conduct the Government. Gen. Cass will the form of a resolution into Congress; and I the society of one of the the most gifted beings I ever knew. But she never talked of hersel. She would ask me questions on literature and art, and occasionally she would be led into an argument, but did I ever speak of her life, she retired within herself and nothing could draw her out.

In ministering to her love of art, I one day I ministering to her love of art, I one day are love of art, I one day I have described himself and himself not are love of art, I one day like society of one of the Government. Gen. Cass will go into the Government. Gen. Cass will believe that every Whig in Congress; and I believe that every Whig in Congress, but one, voted for it. But the Senators belonging to the Loco Foco or Democratic party verst against it. The Senators from Maine; Gen. Cass, from the form of a resolution into Congress; and I believe that every Whig in Congress, but one, voted for it. But the Senators belonging to the Loco Foco or Democratic party verst against it. The Senators from Maine; Gen. Cass, from the form of a resolution into Congress; and I believe that every Whig in Congress, but one, voted for it. But the Senators belonging to the Loco Foco or Democratic party verst, voted against it. The Senators from Maine; Gen. Cass will go into the Government. Gen. Cass will be lever that every Whig in Congress, but one, voted for it. But the form of a resolution into Congress, and I believe that every Whig in Congress, but one, voted for it. But the Senators belonging to the Loco Foco or Democratic party verst, voted for it. But the form of a resolution into Congress, and I believe that every Whig in Congress, and I believe that e placed. He has described himself not as a Niles, from Connecticut; and others, voted acan destiny; and that that destiny is to go the field for him—these very gentlemen voted through wars, and invasions, and armies of aggrandizement-to establish a great, powerful. ed by conquest. They were willing to bring and domineering Government over all this in the territory, and then have a squabble and country. We know that if Mr. Cass could have prevented it, the treaty with England in free territory. I was of opinion that the true

We know that Gen. Cass could have pre vented the Mexican war; and we know that he was first and foremost in pressing that war. We know that he is a man of talent, of ability. of some celebrity as a statesman, in every way of some celebrity as a statesman, in every way superior to his predecessor, if he should be the successor of Mr. Polk. But I think him a man of rash politics, pushed on by a rash party, and committed to a course of policy, as I believe, not in consistency with benefit to the country. Therefore it is for you, and for me, and for all of us—Whige—to consider, whether in this state of the reasy we can or carry. er in this state of the case we can, or cannot, we will, or will not, give our votes for the Whig nomination. I leave that to every man's

Gentlemen, before Gen. Taylor's nomina-tion, I stated always, when the subject was men-one of considerable force. tioned by my friends, that I did not and could st. She was busy straining the dregs of posed I shall only recommend to you to appose a man of experience and science; be alth is not to be trifled with '

I did not refuse.

Have you found out what has happened Ernest?' said she, as her white dress flit.

Energy 2' said she, as her white dress flit. his election. I stand now upon the same dec

pration.

Gen. Taylor has been nominated fairly, as shall not, oppose his election. At the same time, there is no man who is more firmly of ooinion that such a nomination was not fit to be made. But the declaration, that I would not oppose Gen. Taylor if nominated by the Whig arty, was of course subject, in the nature of things, to some exceptions. If I believed him to be a man who would nlunge the country into further wars for any purpose of ambition or ould not feel bound a moment to her. And a wrote him instanter, that he was released to many engagement to her, and that she gave her any engagement to her, and that she gave her was a man who would exert his official influence for the further extension of the slave nated by whom he might. But I do not believe

either, (Applause.)
I believe that he has been, from the first. opposed to the policy of the Mexican war, as improper, impolitic and inexpedient. I be lieve from the best information I can obtainand you will take this as my opinion, gentle-men-I believe, from the best information I can obtain, that he has no disposition to go to war or to increase the limits of slavery, or to allow of the annexation of new States to this

Gentlemen, so much for what may be con-

State for years with accounted to the State for years. State for years, with success; and I have thought that most Whigs were satisfied with the Administration of the State Government in the hands of those who have had it. now it is proposed, on the basis of the Buffalo treaty. Clatform, to carry this into the State elections. There is to be a nomination of a candidate for Governor, against Mr. Briggs, or whoever may be nominated by the Whigs; and there is to be a nomination of a candidate for Lieuten-ant Governor, against Mr. Reed, or whoever may be nominated by the Whigs; and there are to be nominations against the present mem-bers of Congress. Now, what is the utility of that? We have ten members in the Congress of the United States. I know not ten men of any party who are more zealous, and firm, and inflexible in their opposition against slavery in any form.

And what will be the result? Suppose that a considerable number of Whigs secode from the Whig candidate and go to a candidate of the new party—what will be the result? Do not we know what has been the case in this country? Do not we know that this District has been unrepresented from month to month. and from year to year, because there has been an opposition to as good an anti-slavery man as breathes the air of this District? On this occasion, and in this presence, I may allude to our present Representative, Mr. Hale. Do we want a man to give a better vote in Con-gress, than Mr. Hale gives? Why, I under-take to say that there is not one of the Liberty party, nor will there be one of the new party, nor will there be one of the new party, who will have the least objection to Mr. Hale, except that he was not nominated by themselves. Ten to one, if the Whigshad not ninated him, they would have nominated him themselves.

sent, but which, in consequence of the division of parties, she did not send. And now I foresee that if in this District any considerable in the support of Mr. Van Buren, and in the support of gentlemen whom that party may nominate for Congress-I forsee the same thing will take place, and we shall be without a Representative, in all probability, in the first ession of the next Congress, when the very pattle is to be fought on this very slavery ques tion. I am sure that honest, intelligent and patriotic Whigs, will lay this consideration to their consciences, and judge of it as they think

they ought to do. Gentlemen, I will detain you but a moment longer. You know, perhaps, that I gave my vote in Congress against the trenty of peace with Mexico, because it contained these ces-sions of territory, and brought under the anthority of the United States, with a pledge of future admission into the Union, the great, vast, and almost unknown countries of New Mexico and California.

In the session before the last, one of the Southern Senators, Mr. Berrien of Georgia, had moved a resolution, to the effect that the war ought not to be continued for the purposes But I speak of Whig votes, in this State and in any State. And I am of opinion that any vote given to Mr. Van Buren inners for Gen. ted by this Government with any view to the dismemberment of that Republic, or to the accontroversey, whether it should be slave or 1842, would not have been made; we know that if Mr. Cass could have prevented it, the settlement of the Oregon question would not have been accomplished in 1846.

The territory will keep off the controversey. The territory will do us no good if free—it will be an incumbrance if free. To a great extent it will produce a great preponderance in favor of the South in the Senate, even if it be free. Let us keep it out therefore. But no.

But, gentlemen, in an important crisis, in English history, in the reign of Charles 2d, when the country was threatened by the accession of a Prince to the throne, who was a convert to the Roman Catholic religion, then called the Dake of York, a proposition was made to exclude him from the throne. said that was a very rash measure, brought forward by very rash men, that they had bet-ter admit him, and then put limitations upon im-chain him down-restrict him. When conscience. I have endeavored to state the case as it presents itself to me. the debate was going on, a gentleman is reported to have risen and expressed his senti-

"I hear a lion in the labby roar !
Say, Mr. Spraker, shall we shot the dwa
And keep him out, or shall we let lion in
And see if we can get him out again !"

Other more confident spirits, who are of the character of Wormwell, were for letting him n, and disturbing all the interests of the comtry. And when this Mexican treaty came be New Mexico and California to the United States. A Southern gentleman, Mr. Badger, of North Carolina, moved to strike out those inuses. Now you understand, that if a moon to strike out a clause he supported by one third, it will be struck out-that is, two thirds of the Senate must vote for each clause, in order to have it retained. The voice on that

question was 38 to 15. Not one third. And why were there not one-third? Just ecause there were four New England Sennors voting for these new territories. That is the reason. They said that we must have peace at any rate. And there was this sort of apology—which I confess rather annued me at the time—that certain portions of the public press, that a good many respectable people of the country, and especially in the large circs, many of whom I hold in great estimation, cried out "Peace! Peace! Staunch the wour de

f war, and lot us have peace." I hope I am as ardent an advocate for peaco s any man living; but I would not be caried away by the desire for peace, and have nothing else. I am under the notion that we could have struck out the ressions of territory and have had peace without them. And would be willing to go before the people and leave it to them to say, whether they would earry on the war any longer. If they would, then they were the artificers of their own for-tunes. I was not afraid of the people on that subject. If it had continued the war some longer, I would have preferred that the war ould continue some longer, rather than that those territories lying on our Southern border, hould come in hereafter upon that border. I ould speak on this subject with more confilence, were it not that other gentlemen of the same party with myself, voted for the

I voted to strike out the articles of cession -They would have been struck out if four of the New England Senators had voted it. I then voted against the ratification of the treaty, and that treaty would have failed if three New England Senators had voted as I did .and Whig Senators too. I should do be same thing again, and with much more resolution— I would have ran a still greater risk, I would have endured a still greater shock before I would have agreed to anything-rather than have been a participator in anything, which

territory to the States of the Union. Gentlemen, since I have had the honor of receiving the invitation to meet my fellow citizens to-day, -after receiving this invitation, I should say-after receiving this invitation, I found it necessary in the discharge of my duty, though with great inconvenience to my health, to be present at the closing scenes of the session. You know what there transpired. You know the important decision that made in both Houses of Congress, in regard to Oregon. The immediate question respected Oregon—or rather the bill respected Oregon—but the question, more particularly, these

new territories.

The effect of the bill in the Senate was to establish these new territories as slaveholding States. The House disagreed. The Senote receded from that amendment, and the bill passed, establishing Oregon as a free territory, and making no provision for the newly ac mired territories on the South.

Now, gentlemen, I will say that my vote, curred, that on very important questions in and the reasons I gave for it are known to the Congress, the vote was lost for want of two or good people of Massachusetts, and I have not